



J.D.s

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COVER
STEVIE

photo:g.b.jones



Stuff stolen from:NoMag, Advocate Men, I.T.,
The Sun, Pyschotronic Films, B.C.R. Fan Mag

WRITE TO J.D.S c/o G.B.&B.B. P.O.BOX 1110
ADELAIDE ST. STATION, TOR, ONT, CANADA M5C 2K5



A part from moral considerations, I resent the co-opting of the word "gay" by homosexuals. It was a perfectly wonderful English word describing happy emotions or bright decorations. It's not clear how the word became a synonym for sodomy. I resent the appropriation of "gay," especially when the people it describes are not gay.

Could I turn on my microphone some morning and announce to the world that "I feel gay"? Imagine the sniggers if I sent out invitations to a "gay party" at my home. Words are like trees; beautiful, complex, useful, living things to be admired, occasionally trimmed but never vandalized. As an experiment, I tried to avoid using "gay" in its perverted meaning for a week but I failed. The gays win!

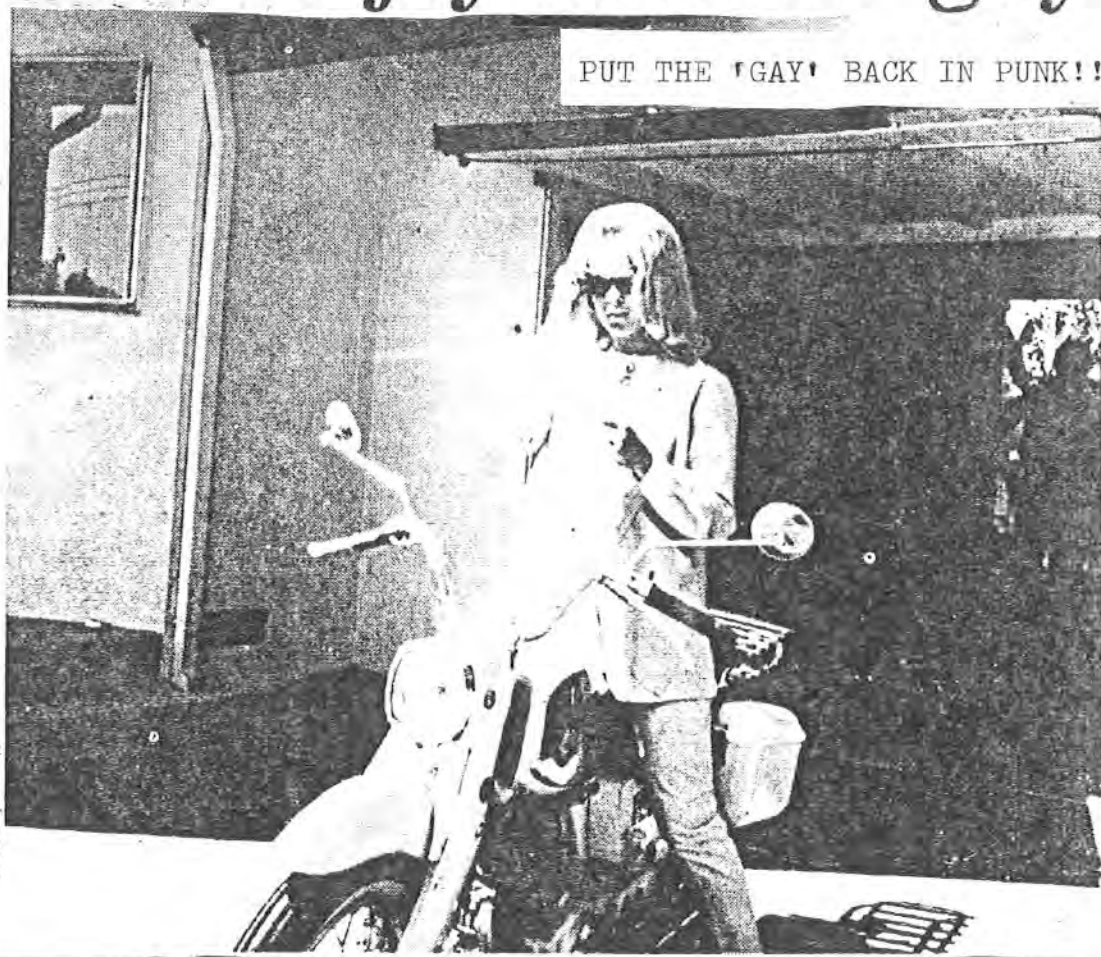
DICK
SMYTH



BEFORE HE DICKS YOU

Put the joy back in 'gay'

PUT THE 'GAY' BACK IN PUNK!!



HOMO-CORE

TOP TWENTY

J.

I.D.

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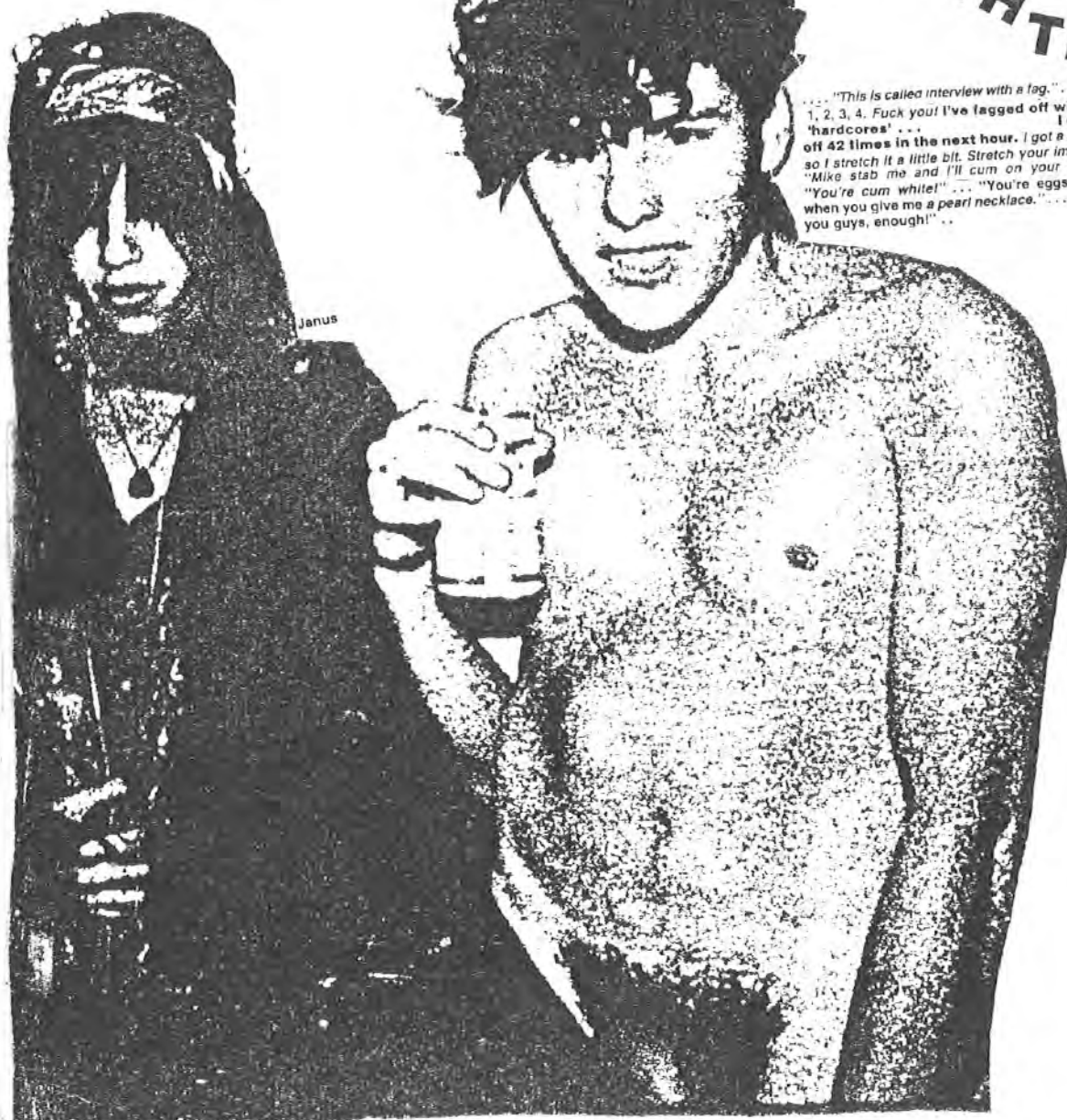
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|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| I. Aryan Disgrace | Faggot In The Family |
| 2. Fifth Column | The Fairview Mall Story |
| 3. Nip Drivers | Quentin Crisp |
| 4. Angry Samoans | Homo-Sexual |
| 5. Dr. Know | Fist Fun |
| 6. Zuzu's Petals | Bert |
| 7. Gay Cowboys In Bondage | Cowboys Are Homos |
| 8. Patti Smith | Redondo Beach |
| 9. Mighty Sphincter | Fag Bar |
| 10. Butthole Surfers | Theme Song |
| 11. The Leather Nun | Gimme Gimme Gimme (A Man After |
| 12. Bowwowwow | Uomo Sex Al Apache (Midnight) |
| 13. Nip Drivers | Nips Get Pissed |
| 14. Malaria | Duschen |
| 15. Raincoats | Only Loved At Night |
| 16. Tuxedo Moon | Some Guys |
| 17. Victims Family | Homophobia |
| 18. Beefeater | Fred's Song |
| 19. Impotent Sea Snakes | I Caught Aids From A Dead Man |
| 20. This could be you!! | |



The HIP DRIVERS Interview ...

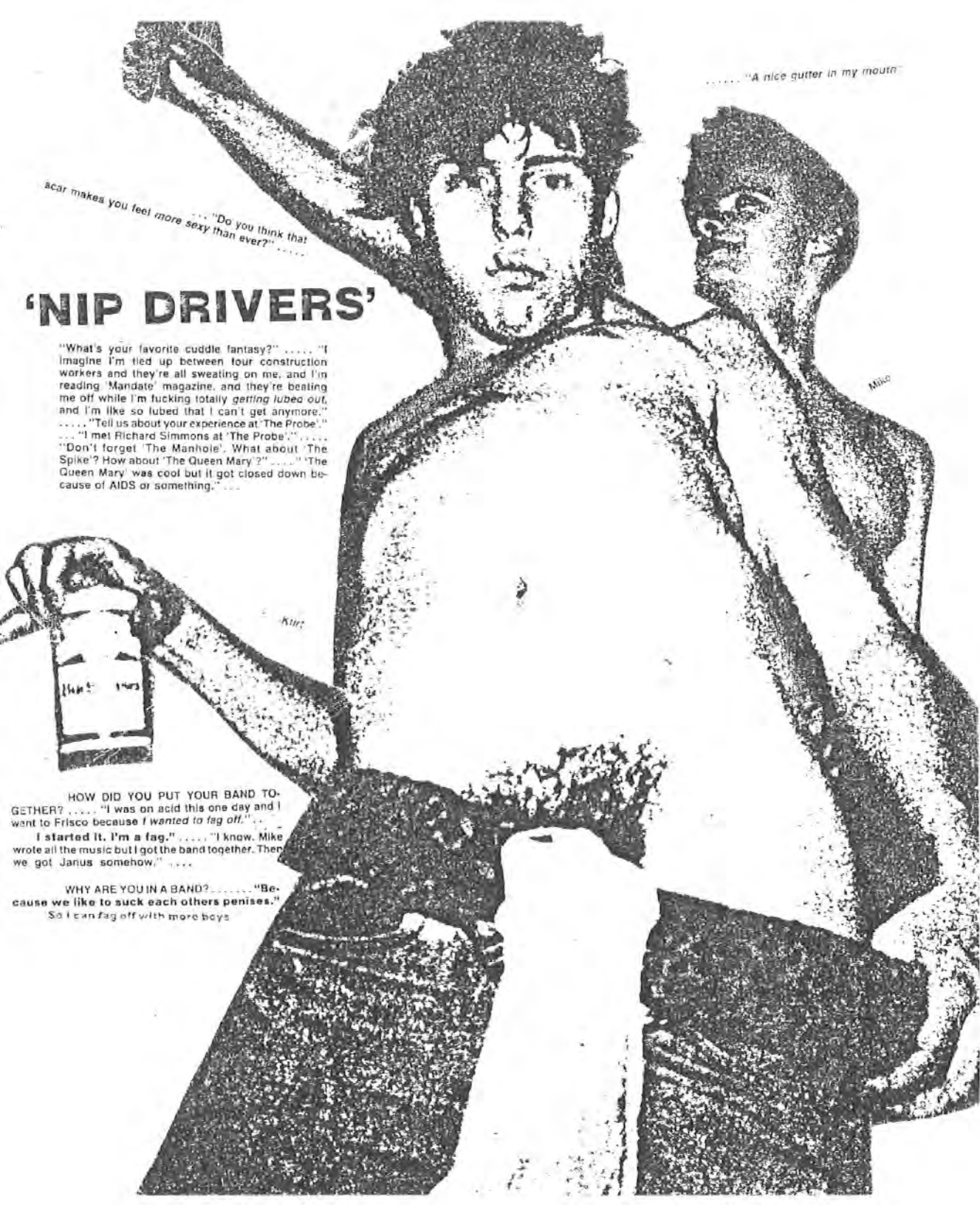
FAG OFF WITH THE

our favorite 4, 8, 10 and
12-letter words



Janus

.... "This is called interview with a fag." ...
1, 2, 3, 4. Fuck you! I've fagged off with lots of
"hardcores" ... I could fag
off 42 times in the next hour. I got a small dick
so I stretch it a little bit. Stretch your imagination.
"Mike stab me and I'll cum on your face." ...
"You're cum white!" ... "You're eggshell white
when you give me a pearl necklace." ... "C'mon
you guys, enough!" ...



..... "A nice gutter in my mouth"

..... "Do you think that
scar makes you feel more sexy than ever?"

'NIP DRIVERS'

"What's your favorite cuddle fantasy?" "I
imagine I'm tied up between four construction
workers and they're all sweating on me, and I'm
reading 'Mandate' magazine, and they're beating
me off while I'm fucking totally *getting lubed out*,
and I'm like so lubed that I can't get anymore."
..... "Tell us about your experience at 'The Probe'."
..... "I met Richard Simmons at 'The Probe'."
"Don't forget 'The Manhole'. What about 'The
Spike'? How about 'The Queen Mary'?" "The
Queen Mary' was cool but it got closed down be-
cause of AIDS or something."

Mike

Kurt

HOW DID YOU PUT YOUR BAND TO-
GETHER? "I was on acid this one day and I
went to Frisco because I wanted to *fag off*."

I started it. I'm a fag." "I know. Mike
wrote all the music but I got the band together. Then
we got Janus somehow."

WHY ARE YOU IN A BAND? "Be-
cause we like to suck each others penises."

So I can fag off with more boys

POMAGI: HOW DID YOU PUT YOUR HANDS TO

CONFIDENTIAL





In a moving ceremony, DAVE-ID is crowned "PRINCE OF THE HOMOSEXUALS", at the most recent J.D.s party. Seen here for the first time in these exclusive photos for J.D.s by G.B. Jones, is BRUCE LABRUCE, the previous prince, performing the dubious honour of handing the crown over to a 'happy' DAVE-ID.

DAVE-ID held the title from January '87 to August '87, at which time, at the next J.D.s party, the new "PRINCE" will be announced. Could it be you? BE THERE!!!



a bike of her

Even though Butch, this guy I used to hack around with a lot, was about the most exciting and handsomest boy I ever knew, I swear sometimes he was the genius of cruelty. He was the prince of cruelty, at times. So don't be too surprised when I tell you this story about how Butch played a dirty trick on me one night and almost got me beat up in the process (by him). I have to say, when your very own boyfriend comes close to punching you out, it makes you do some tall thinking about the world you live in, and how scary it can be sometimes.

It all started when I went out on a date (strictly plutonic, of course) with this new friend I met, this girl named Kit, who used to hang out with bikers until she got fed up with all that macho crap (her description) and got a bike of her own. Only she couldn't find any girls to form a gang, so she tears around by herself, mostly. I met her at the tattoo place where me and Butch went together once. I was kind of afraid of her at first, passed out there like she was on 3 chairs pulled together with tattoos all over her arms - like skeleton angels and 'Harley Rules' and stuff like that. She looked like a killer. But then while I was watching Butch get his new tattoo (and getting the name of one of his old girlfriends blacked out while he was at it, like I suggested), she woke up and offered me one of her three chairs and struck up a real friendly conversation with me. She was tough all right - when she wasn't running one or both hands through her short, bristly bleached hair, she had them planted on her knees, elbows out, or rolling her own cigarettes in seconds flat like she'd been doing it since grade school. But then she'd lift her engineer boots on to the edge of her chair and hug her knees up to her skinny chest, and maybe tilt her head on a crazy angle and give you a sly, sideways look, and you could just tell she had her tender side too.

Kit ended up slipping her phone number in my jacket pocket, even though she knew me and Butch were

a team, and so I'd been calling her up now and then to see if she was okay, because she told me she'd been going through a rough time after having dumped all her stupid old macho biker acquaintances, these scary long-hairs who would stick their tongues down each others' throats to show how tough they were, but then beat up anybody they thought was a fag, like somebody who might look like they'd take their mother to a movie or something. I asked her how she could stand hanging around those morons, and she said they just happened to be the first people she ran into on the street after having escaped from the slimy clutches of her strictly low-life father who used to beat the crap out of her. It was no wonder that Kit would practically spit when talking about men, except for me.

One night I was on the phone with Kit and she was getting all worked up about how creepy most men are, so I butted in and suggested that maybe she should try women for a change, romance-wise. It just sort of slipped out - I knew Kit was a bit squeamish about that type of thing, even though she didn't mind me talking sexy about Butch every once in a while. So then there was this big silence on the other end of the line, so I shut up too. Wouldn't you know it, my mother chooses that exact moment to pick up the extension. "Hello? Hello? Cluffy, are you still on the phone? Clifton, I don't want you tying up the line all night, now." My mother was always expecting some emergency call, like one of her relatives might have got killed in some gruesome car accident and she wouldn't be able to get all the gory details because her son was tying up the lines 24 hours a day. I think she was actually looking forward to some catastrophe, probably to break up the monotony of being a housewife. She loves going to funerals, for example. It gives her a chance to dress up.

"Mom, I'll be off in a minute, okay?"

"All right, dear." Click.

"Kit, are you still there?"

"Yeah."

"Do you want to change the subject?"

"Yeah, let's talk about something else. But I'll give it some thought."

own

After some more conversation, we arranged to go out one day the following week so I could finally get a ride on

the back of that motorcycle. As it turns out, I had a way good time. I guess I'd been hanging around too much exclusively with Butch. Kit was the most exciting girl I'd ever met (next to my little sister Cookie) because she could be tough and tender at the same time, something that Butch didn't exactly excel at, although he did try pretty hard. And even though it didn't have anything to do with sex, riding behind Kit with my hands around her waist and my body pressed up against hers made me feel real safe and secure, like I could count on her for anything.

So me and Kit bombed around town for a while, then stopped at a drive-thru for a bite to eat. Leaning up against her mean machine in the back lot, we got talking about a lot of things, like how she was tired of being a loner, living by herself in a rooming house and slaving away at some depressing job that she said was too ugly to even talk about. I was worried about her because I thought maybe she meant she was hooking or stripping or something to make ends meet, but I didn't ask in case I hurt her feelings. It wouldn't have mattered to me, Butch being a hustler and all, but I knew it wasn't the best kind of work for building up your morale and self-esteem and crap. And Kit had already been through the wringer, by the sounds of it.

Then I got this brilliant idea. Me and Butch were planning on going to his favourite dyke bar that very night. (Butch preferred dyke bars because he said they were more relaxed and attracted a lot of interesting misfits who had no place else to go.) So I invited Kit to meet us there without bothering to mention what kind of establishment it was. I could have been making a big mistake, but somehow I had this feeling it was time for Kit to have a night out with the girls, so to speak. And as she kick-started her bike and I crawled on behind her, I knew I was doing the right thing.



I had to meet Butch at one of the arcades where he serviced pinball machines sometimes to make some extra cash, because we were planning on taking in a movie, when we pulled up in front of the place, he was already leaning up against the wall outside smoking a cigarette. He pretended he didn't notice our arrival, but I could tell he was taking it all in. He was wearing his most faded jeans with the holes in all the right places, rolled up just enough so you could see the dark hairs on his ankles that drove me crazy. Sometimes he was so sexy I couldn't even believe my eyes. Kit had only met Butch briefly at the tattoo joint, so she just took off her crash helmet and gave him a little salute. Then, after I'd given her back the spare helmet, and said I'd see her later and was walking away, she gave me this real firm, playful little pat on the ass before squealing off around the corner. I must have turned about fifty shades of red.

As I approached Butch, his eyes looked greener than usual, like they got when he was mad about something. I guess I was a little late, but that usually didn't bother him much. Then I figured out he must actually be jealous, which was a first, and surprised the hell out of me. I wasn't going to let this golden opportunity pass, so I started ragging on him about how cool Kit was, and how we were supposed to meet her later at our favourite watering hole for a drink. Butch didn't take it too good. He got this mean scowl on his face and started kicking at imaginary junk on the ground, and then he said he had to go make an important phone call. He put on quite a little show for me as he made the call in the phone booth across the street, getting real playful with himself to attract my attention, pulling up his t-shirt and rubbing his belly, sliding his fingers down the front of his jeans, grabbing at his crotch. I'm not saying I didn't enjoy it, in fact, it got me feeling pretty sexy, but you had to laugh, him going to all that trouble to keep up my interest, as if he just didn't have to shoot me a wink and flash me one of his madman grins to keep me hooked. Little did I know that it wasn't a john Butch had on the line, as I suspected, but a girl, and because of it the night would end in our biggest fight ever.

In the mean time, Butch had some hot and heavy plans for us. He said

there was an excellent picture playing down the street from the arcade at this movie house I never heard of before, this quality piece of filmmaking that was supposed to have some great acting and editing and crap, according to Butch. I asked him what it was called, and after a lot of mumbling and staring at the ground, he blurted out The Leather Boys. It looked like Butch was raring to take me to a blue movie for boys. I was quite amused by this bit of information because Butch didn't like to admit he got a real charge out of that type of thing. I couldn't stop myself from laughing, which pissed Butch a little, so I wiped the smirk off my face with the back of my hand and we walked along in silence for a while. Then I did something to relieve the tension. I happened to spot this banana peel lying on the street beside a busted open bag of garbage, and I went way out of my way to step on it and fall flat on my ass. Butch always got a real kick out of that Jerry Lewis-type stuff, so it put us in a pretty good mood for the movie.

When we got to the theatre, I was already feeling pretty sexed up, but as is often the case, something wierd happened to throw a wet blanket on it. Inside the tiny booth where you buy the movie tickets was this little old lady with long, scraggly dyed hair and dark glasses smoking a cigarette down to the filter. She didn't look bad or anything - I guess I just wasn't expecting an older type of individual to be selling tickets for sexy movies. She was real nice, though. When Butch went up to the window, she said "how many, dear" and gave us a very polite, very sincere smile.

Once inside the fairly empty theatre and settled in our seats, even before the picture started, Butch reached over and put his hand on my crotch. I, of course, was still thinking about the old lady in the booth. I wondered if she ever had a peak at what was playing on the screen behind her back, or whether some slimy grandson of hers gave her the job without

bothering to clue her in as to the exact nature of the films being shown. I also happened to notice that she had her lunch with her in a brown paper bag with this soggy sandwich sitting beside it on a piece of saran wrap, like a salmon salad sandwich with too much mayonnaise that makes the bread too soaked and wet so you can hardly

swallow when you eat it. So how am I supposed to get excited about a hand between my legs if I'm thinking about this type of stuff? Don't ask me, but I did. I got a hand-on right away. Then the picture started.

Well, the joke was on us, I guess, and on the slimy grandson who probably owned the theatre, because The Leather Boys wasn't a dirty movie at all, but this English picture made in the sixties about a young guy named Reggie who was a mechanic and his wife, Dot, who he always was fighting with, and his best friend, Dick, a biker mate of his who he ends up falling in love with. Butch was really disappointed that it wasn't a real blue movie, so he spent most of the running time drinking whiskey from the little flask he always had tucked in his low-slung jeans, and passing it to me, or putting his big hands all over me and biting on my neck. I thought the movie was great, these two tough boys falling all over each other just because they were real close friends, so I found Butch's manoeuvres kind of annoying. I felt really sorry for Dot, too, who just happened to get herself in this bad situation and didn't really have anyone cool to turn to, like Dick. It made me think of Kit, actually.

I think we were the only ones left after three-quarters of the movie was over - I guess everybody else went and asked for their money back after they discovered it wasn't really a dirty movie, so the old lady probably didn't even have time to eat her soggy lunch. Butch was starting to get to me, I have to admit, and we started necking furiously and getting generally heated up. I unzipped his fly and, spitting on my hand, began to stroke his hard cock while running my tongue around his teeth. Butch had one hand up under my t-shirt playing with my nipples and the other working the bulge in my jeans. Before I knew what was happening, I was down on my knees with his dick in my mouth,

my hand inching up the hairy path of his hard belly to tug at the safety pin that pierced his nipple, making him moan in ecstacy. Then I jerked him off fast so I could watch the end of the movie.

Dick and Meggie didn't end up together in the end, so I was a bit-depressed afterwards. It reminded me of how my relationship with Butch seemed to be only in the present, that I couldn't imagine it continuing into any kind of future.

By the time we left the movie-house, me and Butch had pretty much

polished off his mickey, so we were already close to being drunk. I recall we didn't have any problem getting into the divey dyke bar as Butch always has enough I.D. for at least three or four people. It was all kind of a blur, I don't know exactly how it happened, but the next thing I knew we were sitting at a table with drinks in front of us and beside this really spectacular looking girl with a blond brush-cut who Butch introduces as Jean, and he has his arm around her. I was totally confused. Then I figured out this must be the important phone call of a few hours ago, and it dawned on me that maybe Butch had a regular girl-friend on the sly. He was sitting across from me being real cosy with her, laying his hand on her knee and stuff, though I noticed she didn't seem to be too thrilled about it. She seemed very nice, and tried to make conversation with me, but by this time my head was reeling, and all I could think of doing was pulling some kind of stunt to get Butch's attention. So as the two of them watched, I tipped back my chair and balanced on two legs for what seemed like forever with a concerned look of terror on my face, then fell over backwards and tumbled head over heels onto the floor. They were both laughing like crazy as I headed for the washroom, but I wasn't feeling too cheerful. All I can remember is standing there in the can leaning on the paper towel dispenser, crying like a baby into a long piece of paper towel that I didn't even bother to tear off.

When I emerged from the downstairs john, I didn't know what I was going to do. I almost felt like picking a fight with Butch. Then, as luck would have it, I noticed Kit standing at the bar ordering a drink. I stumbled over to her and put my hand on her shoulder for support. I was never happier to see somebody in my life.

I introduced Kit to Butch and Jean and we sat down. I'm pretty sure she could smell a fight brewing because right away she started talking about everything under the sun, joking and carrying on, mostly with Jean. She could've also been nervous about her surroundings, like the girls at the next table who were making out pretty good. By this time I wasn't responsible for my actions. I was waiting for Butch to make one false move, which he did soon enough by putting his arm around Jean again.

"Butch, would you mind stepping outside so I can pound the shit out of you?", I asked. Normally I'm a very non-violent person, but the liquor was making me act like a fool.

"Okay, tough guy," he replied, jumping out of his seat. I was a bit shocked by his eagerness. "C mon, let's go". Kit tried to keep me in my seat, but I pulled my arm away from her and followed Butch out the front door.

Once outside and on the street, I couldn't hardly even stand up straight. Butch could hold his liquor a lot better than me, so he wasn't taking the whole thing too seriously. He was pushing me around and giving me little slaps on the face, which made me even madder than if he'd socked me. Then I just went a bit crazy and with all my strength I swung my arm around like a windmill with my eyes shut tight. I felt my fist connect with something hard, and when I opened my eyes, Butch was lying on the ground in front of me with his hand over one eye. He must have been sort of stunned, but as I squinted my eyes to look at his face, I could see he was coming around and looking meaner than I'd ever seen him. I thought I was done for.

At that exact moment, Kit appeared out of nowhere on her motorcycle. She must've slipped out the rear exit to the parking lot and come up the side alley. It didn't take much convincing to get me on the back of that bike, leaving Butch behind us hollering into the night air. On the way home, the cool wind blowing on my face sobered me up a little, so when we pulled up into my driveway, I was actually able to apologize to Kit for being an idiot and spoiling her evening. Kit grinned at me and said that it hadn't been a total waste. Then she pulled out a pack of matches and, after lighting a cigarette, opened the cover to show me what was written on the inside: "Jean. 761-2984".

About a week later, I took my sister Cookie to the roller rink on a Saturday afternoon. I'd been feeling pretty depressed all week because of the big fight I'd had with Butch. Kit told me that she'd had a little conversation with Jean, who told her that she wasn't Butch's girlfriend at all, but had met him at the dyke bar once and they'd spent the night at her place because they both needed some company at the time, but nothing really happened between them. I was relieved, but now maybe Butch wouldn't come back. I didn't feel much like skating that day. I was just sitting in the bleach-

ers watching Cookie going round and round. She was having the time of her life, forcing boys her own age or older into the boards at the corners and then acting as if it was a big accident. I lowered my head and looked at the holes in my running shoes for a while, feeling about as low as you can get.

When I looked up again, I couldn't see Cookie at first, so I craned my neck trying to spot her between the bodies flying by. Then I noticed her over at the far end of the rink, and she was skating holding hands with some guy who was about a foot taller than her. I was about to do something stupid, like go over and ask this jerk what he was doing holding hands with my sister who was only twelve, when I noticed, as they got closer, that it was Butch. After whispering something in Cookie's ear, he let go of her hand and skated over to where I was sitting, hooked his arms over the boards, and pulled a pack of cigarettes from the breast pocket of his jean jacket. He offered me a smoke, which I accepted, and lighted it for me, but we still didn't say anything to each other. He still had a black eye from where I'd connected with that lucky punch, which kind of made him look even sexier than usual. Neither of us could think of anything to say, until Cookie came tearing up behind him and creamed him right into the boards. We all laughed and laughed, and laughed even harder when Butch started acting like he was seriously injured, spinning around on his wheels, doubled over and holding his gut. And when he shot me a wink during a brief pause in his performance, still bent over but looking up at me sideways, I knew that we would be friends again.

by Bruce LaBruce







by ANITA

It is one of those mornings when the sun hits the city and lifts it into the sky. Dizzy and I are sitting on the bus riding downtown. He's trying to stay in a bad mood 'cos I woke him so loudly. So I point out a guy who keeps looking at him and he starts to get charming. Our stops coming up, we jump thru the stairwell and off. We like to start at the top of the strip and walk down. It's Saturday, crowded with people out to have fun. I've got on my favorite jeans, the ones with the rip in the crotch. Yeah I wear underwear - mens white. I put my hand where it's warm and stroke my clit.

"Gimme a smoke blowie."

"Fuck you, I ain't got none slut crotch" so we go into a magazine store ten feet away.

"Players please" I say. The girl behind the counter is a susie sunshine. Kind of Susanna York or Goldie Hawn. Not really my type but attractive in a way.

"So hey you work here?" She smiles back, knows I mean something else but can't figure out what.

"Nice lipstick" I say. Imagine kissing her in the closed store, yellow light on the candy bars surrounding us. Just then the boss squeezes behind the register. Some big fat guy with no time for fun.

Back outside, we aquint in the sunshine and light up. Clusters of people push by. Flipping into first gear, we hop on the treadmill. Mr. and Mrs. Timeless Teen are headed at us; he in muscle shirt and jeans, she in too tight satin pink pants and halter top. I shove thru them, sending him into a mailbox. He gets his balance and steps toward me. We step forward too, Dizzy's bald polished head shining as he puts his hand in his pocket to grab something. The guy's eyes switch to me and get the stare, which emphasizes the long scar on my cheek. He turns back to his girl who is standing there with a dumb look on, wondering what the hell she's supposed to do.

We walk on. There's lots of good looking girls out today. I watch them as they approach, admiring.

"Hi gorgeous!" She smiles shyly. I point the few truly attractive guys out to Dizzy who makes a mouth at each suggestion. Sometimes I can't figure out what he wants. We go into the Baskin and Robbins. Dizzy sits next to a business suit and picks his nose, letting the snot balls fall on the guy's shoes. Childish I know but we laugh anyway. On the sidewalk, Dizzy eats his in bites, slurping drips off his forearm. I slide my tongue round in creamy vanilla licks, staring at the girls. Then I see this amazing and I mean amazing looking creature way down the block. Tall. Long black messy hair falling onto strong shoulders. Shadows sketching the muscles on her bare arms sticking out of a jeans vest. She's walking toward us.

"You'll choke if you don't get that thing out of your mouth."

I'm still holding that ice-cream in my mouth. I dart Dizzy a look and he shuts up. His eyes swing round till they light on the girl.

"Wow." He's grinning as he turns his gaze back to me. He gets a kick out of seeing me practically faint. I pull the ice-cream out.

"I'm still holding that ice-cream in my mouth."

"Shut up."

"Pardon me madame but I haven't said a word."

"Fullshit."

My eyes haven't left her and now she's about half a block away. A flip of hair hides her eyes. Her mouth looks like an open wound. Cheekbones heavily flushed. She looks boyish, not male, moving from a nameless attitude centered on a spot where female and male meet. I think she's looking straight at me. What's she thinking? Hard to tell, she's not a dyke. A rush is going thru me, I feel light headed. Her face softens a little and I can see she's looking right back, perhaps as riveted as I am. Half a minute and she'll pass by and I'll never see her again.

I drift over a bit so I'll walk straight past her. I can't imagine the look on my face - my eyes are burning into hers and it's like I can't see anything else. Without taking my eyes off hers I step into her and crush my ice-cream down her chest. A flash of outrage sparks in her eyes.

"Shit, why don't you look where you're going?" I exclaim.

"Fucking shit, what the hell are you doing?"

"God damn I've taken five licks offa that thing."



~~Now look into the door swings shut behind~~
thru the stairwell and off.

"You're supposed to eat it not dump it on someone." She looks like she's gonna punch me in the mouth, cheeks burning redder, so I say

"Hey look I'm really sorry, it was an accident. NOW You can go into the bathroom here and (we're standing outside a restaurant) and clean it off. I'll give you my t-shirt."

She silent, considering. I look into her face, dark blue open eyes.

"It'll fit you." I ~~say~~ glancing at her torso and back up at her gaze. "You can't walk around like that." We brush thru the tables, Dizzy sits to order coffee. The bathroom has two metal stalls. One of the fluorescent bulbs is out. I follow her in and ~~the door swings shut behind~~ she turns as the door swings shut behind me. Before the pause gets awkward I pull off my jacket. She gets paper towels and wipes her chest and clothes. I pull my t-shirt over my head and see her glance at my naked torso in the mirror. She looks down again into the sink. A hot flush comes up me - she's not as embarrassed as she should be. I put my jacket back on and light a cigarette, leaning against the bathroom wall pretending to be indifferent. She unbuttons her top, slides it down an arm, picks up the soft t-shirt and puts it on. I keep my eyes on her face the whole time, making casual conversation. Carefully keeping my attitude ambiguous. Now I suspect what she's feeling.

As we walk towards Dizzy's booth I sense the pause as she thinks it's time she left.

"You could at least let me buy you a coffee or something."

"I'm supposed to meet someone at three."

We sit down and the waitress appears. We order shakes and pretty soon we're all laughing. I feel like I'm looking ~~into~~ a long tunnel into her mind and it's delightful. Out of the corner of my eye I see her looking at me a few times - anxious when my attention shifts to Dizzy. The waitress brings the check. The crucial moment because I really don't want her to go.

"Well," I say to Dizzy "we should get going." We stand.

"Ah, listen I only live a few blocks away. If you want to come over I could change and give you your t-shirt back."

"What about your friend?"

"What about something 'wearable'?"

"Sure this jacket is kind of scratchy. Her eyes flick towards my breasts involuntarily. Dizzy says

"I'm going to the St. Charles for a beer, I'll meet you there if I'm still around."

At the corner he parts and we go along a side street. Walking fast, long strides. She lives in an old three story brick apartment. Trees shade it from the street. We go up a flight of stairs and down a long corridor. At the door she fumbles for her keys. A cat is mewling on the other side. I go in after her.

"Sylvester doesn't like strangers, he might try to bite you." I give the cat the once over. He's white like a hostile rabbit and follows us around jealously. The place looks like a tide swept thru it. Clothes on the chairs and floor, old sofa with books open. Half finished paintings and pieces of junk. A yellow shag carpet with stains and scraps of foil runs wall to wall. Below the window in front of the balcony stands a stereo. She flips on a tape - LOUD.

"Do you want a beer or something?" Obligatory offer. She comes back with two cans, hands me one. We're trying not to look at each other now that we're alone.

"I'll be back in a minute, make yourself 'at home.'"

She heads off into the bedroom. I walk around a few paces, idly glancing at this and that. Stepping out onto the balcony I shut the cat in and lean on the rail. Across thru a tree there's a pizza parlour with a few college kids sitting outside. You can hardly hear the weekend traffic here. After a few sips she comes out. The screen bangs shut. We talk for a while drinking the beers. She's leaning on the balcony, her bare arm almost touching mine. I can feel the heat coming from her body, so strong, I look at her quickly as though it were deliberate.





"You should've kept my t-shirt on it looks real good on you."
 "I forgot to give yours back.C'mon I'll get it."
 We go thru the living room and into the bedroom. There's a more clothes
 hanging out a chest of drawers. Elinda over the window make it kind of dark.
 I take it absently with one hand, doing nothing. I look into her eyes.
 They're sparkling and full of trust. I move close, drop the t-shirt, and take
 her hands in mine. We stretch our arms up together level with our shoulders.
 It seems some secret gesture like a sign, a key unlocking some world &
 unrevealed until now. With it I feel the ground spin under my feet. We
 kiss gently, slowly. Our eyes are open but I see thousands of stars like
 you see way out in the country, without really seeing them at all.
 We stand there for a long time, talking and kissing. ~~And~~ Her
 hands move along my shoulders and slide my jacket off. I lift her t-shirt.
 Our breasts meet and we shudder. I kiss her neck, shemoans, my tongue in.
 up thru her hair. She licks my ear and leads me to the bed. We lie facing each
 other. Then she takes my hand and leads me to the bed. We lie facing each
 other. Talk some more, laughing. I get up, take her pants off, and pull mine
 down. Back on the bed our flesh meets- warm and soft. Her thighs are pale
 white, vulnerable looking with her black hair. I'm dripping all over her
 legs. Later I asked her her name.



by MINDY





"HARD &
WILD"

nip drivers



nudity **Hot!** sexual carryings-on photo by BRUCE KALBERG

NAKED YOUNG GUYS TOGETHER,

Any kind of scene you want. unzipped and ready...

GET YOUR HANDS
INTO THESE POCKETS...

Nasty subjects quietly
imported from Euro-
pean smut centers
Deliciously dirty.



HOT STUFF

krunch

swedish
hardcore
band

bare it all for YOU...

Suddenly, two skinhead figures appeared in the half-light of the deserted club.

They approached the three punks menacingly.

"Why are you guys so interested in finding him?" Monroe asked, a taunting tone in his voice.

"I really need some coke," Scotty said. "Hey, even if you guys have some, I'll buy it from you."

Quinn looked over at him sharply.

"Are you crazy? You'd buy dope off these slimy bastards?" he asked.

"Who are you calling a slimy bastard?" one of the approaching skinheads asked.

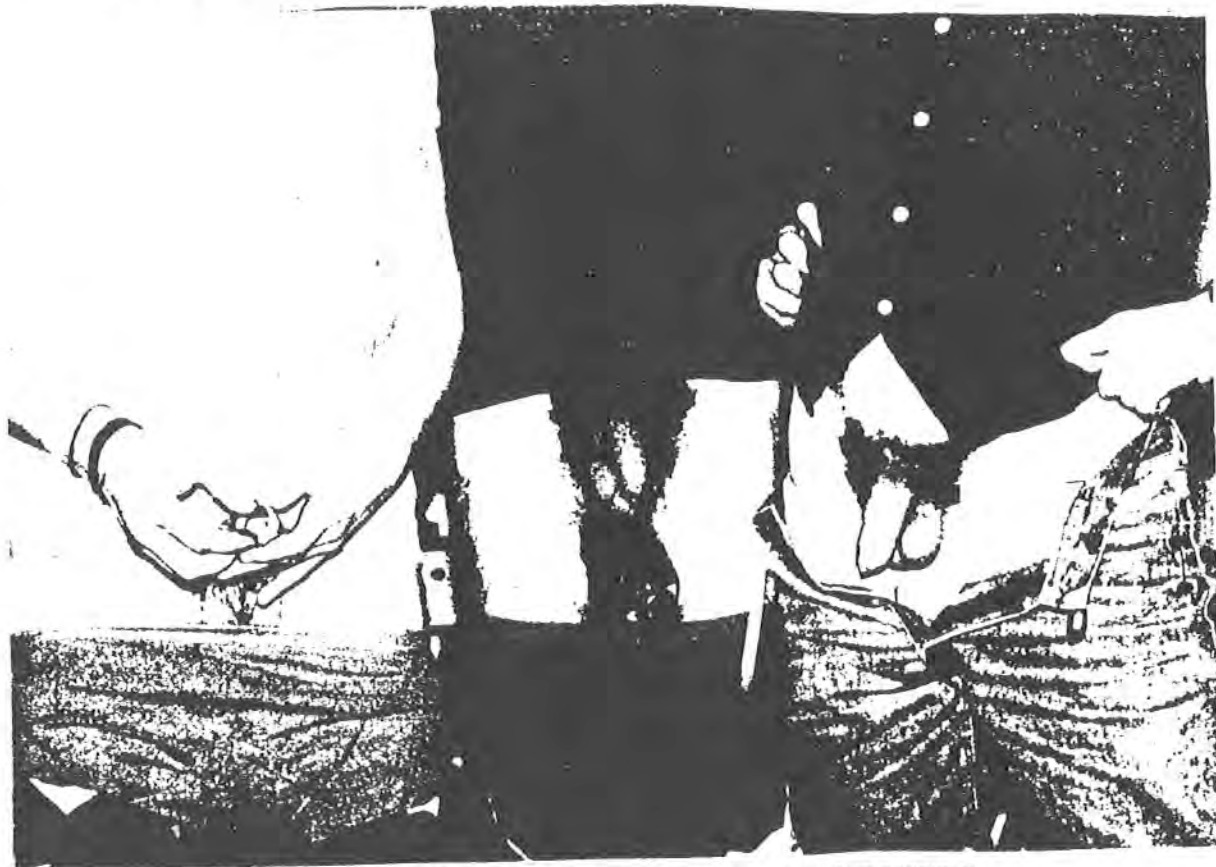
Quinn looked over at the two new arrivals. They looked just as stupid and strong as Monroe. They could have been triplets. They were dressed the exact same way and had the same shaved heads.

Quinn wondered if they could overpower all three of them, but he doubted it.

Hull was pretty strong, but Quinn and Scotty would have been no match for the three brawny, sub-human creatures that stood before them.

"I'm calling you a slimy bastard," Quinn said, wondering if he should be quite so obnoxious when these three thugs could so obviously overpower them.

"You know what I think, guys?" one of the skinheads, who Quinn recognized as a particularly



COULD BE THE SECRET TO GREATER JOY THAN YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE.

*Eric relaxes in the luxurious bathroom the boys have had installed in their new home
And here's Woody 'almost' in the same bath.*

FULL LENGTH FEATURES • NOT HARD CORE

RUMP RANGERS

stupid guy called Bobby, said to his two friends.

"What?" Monroe asked.

"I think we should give these guys what they came here for," Bobby said.

"You mean sell them some coke?" the third skinhead asked.

"No, Jimbo, you stupid fuck!" Bobby said. "It's plain to see these punks are queer-assed faggots who only came by to get some big nigger cock up their asses. How about if we rape their pansy asses with out big white cocks instead?"

The other two looked at Bobby gratefully.

"Shit, yeah!" Jimbo exclaimed. "I ain't fucked a butthole in months! My cock sure would like that!"

"Let's go, then!" Monroe exclaimed.

The three punks had been slowly retreating back towards the closed entrance to the club as this conversation had continued.

They were now pressed flat against the wall, the skinheads mere inches away from their trembling bodies.

Quinn tried the handle to the front door in vain. It was locked.

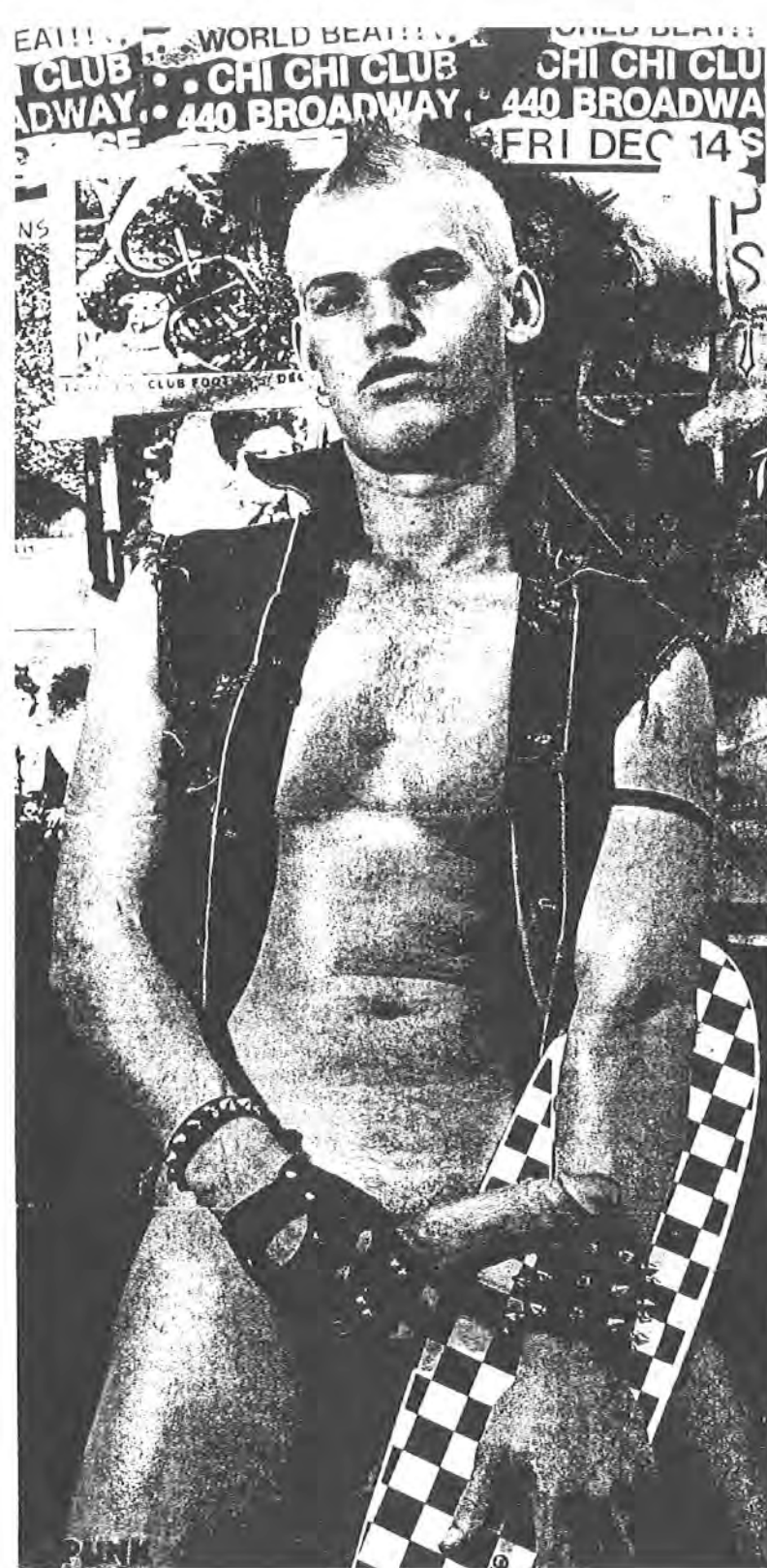
But the emotion that ran through the redheaded kid was not grief or fear. It was delight.

And the three roommates were not trembling in fear at the thought of being raped by these three brawny, muscular skinhead studs. They were shivering with excitement!

bay city rollers







Bobby suddenly lunged for Hull. Bobby was the strongest of the three skinheads, and he knew that he alone would have been able to overpower the biggest punk and reap upon Hull the torturous girth of his massively thick, hard cock.

Hull swung out at the skinhead as Monroe suddenly grabbed for Scotty and Jimbo attacked Quinn.

Hull was prostrate on the ground in seconds. These skinheads knew how to fight much better than punks did, and could overpower the three easily.

As Hull punched and fought the battering skinhead, Bobby plopped himself savagely down on Hull's stomach.

The breath was knocked out of the big guy, and stars suddenly danced in his eyes for a few seconds.

He had been half-drunk from the beers they had downed that afternoon, exhausted from the mass orgy he had participated in with his roommates, and burned out from the multitude of drugs he had taken recently.

The heavy blow on the stomach was too much for the muscular guy with the mohawk to handle in his enfeebled state.

He passed out for a few seconds.

That was all it took for Bobby to turn the big guy over on the freezing concrete floor of the deserted club, throw down his tattered jeans and expose his creamy, muscular asscheeks to the fuck-hungry skinhead.

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Bobby certainly wasn't gay, but he liked nothing better than a really tight pussy to get his fat rod into. And if there happened to be no cunts around when he was horny, a tight, hot asshole did just as good.

The brawny, tough kid stared at Hull's virgin hole. It adorned the punk's tight buttercrack like a tiny pink asterisk. Bobby could tell he was going to enjoy shoving his thick meat up that tiny slit!

Quinn, meanwhile, had given up trying to struggle against the vice-like grips Jimbo had his hands sin. The skinhead had thrown the redheaded punk on the club floor and had pinned his hands above his head with such ferocity that Quinn feared he might lose the circulation in those limbs.

The ugly but muscular skinhead grinned down lewdly at the cute punk he had under his command.

"I'm sure gonna like fucking your tight butthole!" he grunted, his eyes smoldering with obscene lust.

With his combat boot covered feet, he forced Quinn's firm legs apart, and giggled uncontrollably as he released Quinn's hands for a few seconds to strip his black jeans from his meaty, young body.

For a few seconds, the redheaded punk had the unsettling sensation that he was at the mercy of an unbalanced mental patient; the skinhead seemed a bit too excited about getting his thick, strong hands on Quinn's throbbing tool.

But then noticed the hot, muscular body the kid

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possessed, and relaxed. Maybe Jimbo thought he was going to torture Quinn by raping his ass, but the skinhead would never realize what a service he was bestowing upon the dick-crazed punk.

As Jimbo forced Quinn's legs up over his chest and giggled as he stuck a wet finger up the punk's butthole, Quinn quickly glanced over at his friend Scotty.

Scotty had already been stripped of his jeans, and his tight, creamy ass had been violated by Monroe's particularly striking cock.

That massive penis looked like it could have been larger than Rocky Montgomery's!

But, of course, that was hardly the case.

The skinhead's dick was extremely large, eleven inches of thick, hot fuckmeat to be exact, but it was not where near the gigantic proportions of the hung black punk.

But to Scotty, who was moaning and wriggling as the thick member plunged in and out of his asshole, it felt every bit as big as a baseball bat!

Monroe grunted in delight as he pounded into the faggot punk's hot ass, loving the screams that escaped from Scotty's parted lips.

If only Monroe had realized that the screams were not those of anguish. They were screams of ecstasy!

And Scotty was not writhing along the cold cement floor in agony. On the contrary. He was bucking his hips up to feel the entire length of the

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skinhead's throbbing eleven inches gliding past his colon and into the murky depths of his bowels!

Hull had regained consciousness by this time, and was pleasantly surprised to find that his assailant had already shoved his cock up the tight entrance to his canal of carnal delights, and was busily pumping away between his meaty asscheeks.

Hull pretended to wail in terror as the skinhead labored over his ass, his meaty body dripping with sweat as he shoved his thick tool deep up the tight shit chute of the punk's muscular globes of pleasure.

But the kid with the green mohawk really wanted to squeal in rapture. That thick dick felt so good scraping against the walls of his fuck-famished bung-hole.

Quinn had grabbed his ankles with his hands as Jimbo violated his asshole.

The skinhead had thrust right past his sphincter without the aid of any type of lubrication.

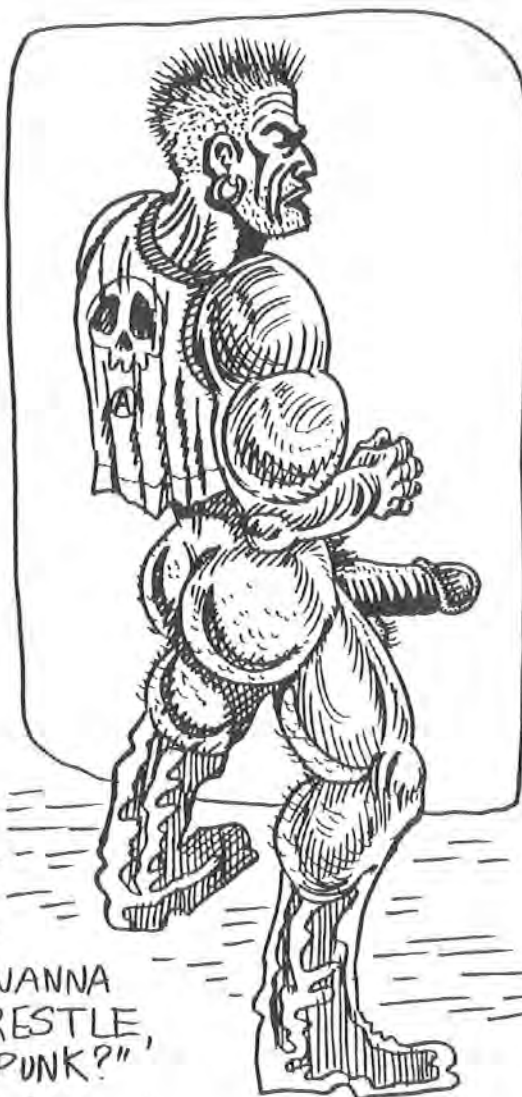
These street kids sure were rough as far as sex went!

The initial penetration had sent a spasm of horrible discomfort shooting through Quinn's body.

But after a few brutal thrusts, Quinn was enjoying the savage sodomy just as much as his two room-mates.

All three punks knew they had to conceal their delight.

The skinheads had decided to rape them because





they thought they were gay. But if the punks really showed how much they were enjoying the bestial buttfucking, they had a sneaking suspicion Monroe, Bobby and Jimbo wouldn't have been too pleased to continue servicing them.

So Quinn and his two roommates bellowed in agony while experiencing the most wondrous sensations upon the tender tissues of their private spots.

Quinn's cock was rigid and throbbing, curving up atop of his smooth stomach like a meaty banana. How he longed to reach down and pump it wildly as Jimbo continued fucking his ass.

But Quinn knew the skinheads would only go so far.

So he settled for closing his eyes and reveling in the delightful sensations that were coursing through his rectum and colon.

Scotty could feel pre-come already forming on the blood-engorged head of his pulsating shaft.

Although his cock was brutally shoved up against the concrete floor of the club, the punk with the spiky black hair knew that he loved the feel of the harsh coldness against his cock just as much as he loved the pain that was being thrust upon his ass.

Scotty wondered how much more ecstasy his body could handle before he shot buckets of come all over the floor of the club.

Hull was smiling in delight as Bobby suddenly began smacking the smooth, delicate slopes of his

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asshole with a firm, thick hand.

"Yeah, faggot! Feel my big cock rape your tight ass! Yeah! I'm gonna fuck you harder! I want you to feel every inch of my huge dick! I want your tiny butthole to bleed!!!" Bobby grunted.

And as the skinhead continued pounding away up his ass, Hull realized there was absolutely no way he could keep his come from spilling forth within the next few moments.

Bobby, himself, seemed dangerously close, also.

His ugly, rugged features were drenched with sweat, contorted with savage ecstasy as he continued his brutal fucking of the punk's ass.

"Oh, shit, yeah! I'm gonna shoot my wad!!!" Bobby suddenly grunted.

Hull was lost in rapture.

He suddenly moaned aloud as Bobby thrust deeply up his hole one last time.

Both kids came simultaneously, Bobby whitewashing Hull's tight ass, Hull spurting his creamy load all over the floor.

The thick pool of come soaked Hull's rippling stomach, forming a layer of love juice that would soon coagulate and flake from the punk's tender, young skin.

Quinn, too had already spurt his load all over his stomach, and Jimbo looked as if he was close to the edge.

The skinhead's muscles were taut, his face twisted

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SKINHEAD & PUNK TOGETHERNESS

BRUCE LA BRUCE (punk) & DAVE-ID (skin) show how it's done. Admittedly skinheads have a lot to learn; this punk demonstrates on a willing volunteer how they can be whipped into shape with a little 'tough' love.

PHOTO: G.B.JONES

with rapture.

"OH, FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!!!!" the muscular kid kept screaming with each brutal thrust he raped Quinn's ass with.

Suddenly, he gasped in delight, and Quinn squirmed as he felt the caverns of his ass flooding with pint after pint of Jimbo's hot jism.

Monroe was now the only one left to shoot his load, for Scotty, the thrilling sensations shooting up his spine suddenly becoming too much for the kid to handle, had squirt all over the floor moments before.

It didn't take the skinhead laboring in his ass much more time to satisfy himself, however.

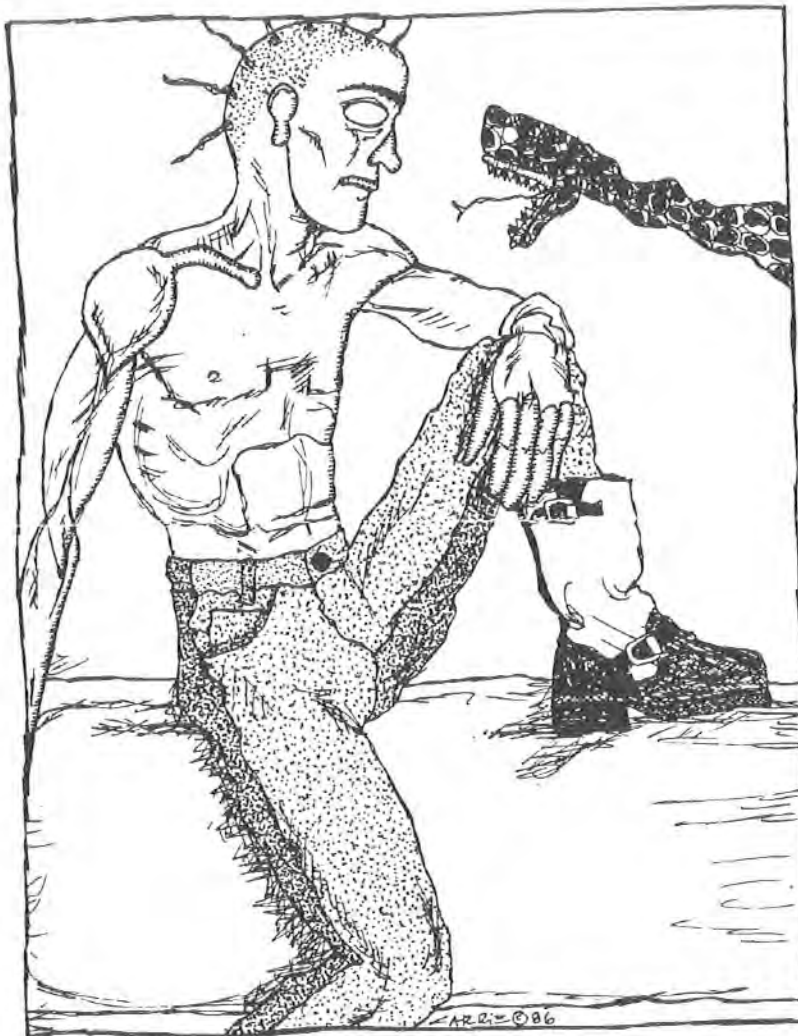
With a howl like a possessed creature, Monroe suddenly felt a geyser of sperm exploding from this turgid cockhead.

Scotty gasped as he felt the thick, creamy fuck juice invading his butthole.

It seemed as if there was no end to the fountain of love liquid!

But, finally, Monroe collapsed on top of Scotty's sweaty back, his supply depleted, his meaty body totally exhausted.

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by CARRIE



CHAPTER SEVEN

"Let's get the hell outa here!" Bobby suddenly shouted, pulling his jeans on.

The skinhead's two friends threw their clothes on and ran into the dark confines of the club. A door was heard opening and shutting.

The skinheads had left Razor Delight.

And they had left Quinn, Scotty and Hull locked inside, their asses throbbing pleasantly, their bodies caked with congealing sperm.

excerpts from "Hung Black Punk", no author listed.

patty k BY L.L.

There really wasn't any way to get out of it. I mean, a golden wedding anniversary is a pretty big event, and I was at that point fairly successful in my pursuit of gainful unemployment, so I couldn't very well use the old summer job line. Thus, I found myself in Richmond, Virginia, for my grandparents' 50th anniversary.

"I hope I can trust you to dress nicely," my father said the day before we left.

"Of course!" I replied, feigning offence. "I bought a bow tie especially for the occasion and spray-painted it black to match my pants, I found a shirt that wasn't ripped, and it even matches my hair." Which was fire-engine red at the time.

Deep sigh. "I don't suppose there's any way I can coax you into a dress?"

"Nope!"

So the great day rolled around. My sister Alix was also, by a happy coincidence, wearing red and black, a red Chinese silk dress which actually belonged to our other grandmother in Ann Arbor, with whom she was living at the time, black stockings, elbow-length gloves, and high heels (I have yet to determine how one is supposed to be able to walk in those things), bright red lipstick, lots of black eye-liner, and black hair about half an inch long. I was the only female wearing pants among the 50 or so guests. Alix told a few people that I was her date. Of course, they all thought we'd planned to look alike. And of course, there were the usual dumb questions:

"Oh, my, how do you get your hair like that?"

"Is that the new wave look?"

"Canada's sort of like England, isn't it?"

I decided I'd better pig out on the hors d'oeuvres since at least a few of them were vegetarian whereas the main course seemed to be centred around some kind of huge unidentifiable dead thing that was turning on a spit, and turning my stomach. As I was busily finishing off the spinach-stuffed mushrooms, reasoning that they were too good for carnivores to appreciate anyway, I was approached by a very domestic-looking young woman with a baby on her hip and what I supposed would be called healthy Southern good looks - blond hair, blue eyes, suntan, freckles.

"Hi, remember me?"

Of course I didn't recognize her at all. As I groped for tactful words to this effect, she reminded me: "Patty Kay Nicholson."

Patty Kay! Oh my God! I hadn't seen her since I was eleven and she was twelve or thirteen when her family had moved away. But I certainly remembered her. Visits with my grandparents would have been pretty dull if it hadn't been for her. She was the older, supposedly more sophisticated, tough-acting tomboy girl who lived next door.

We never 'played doctor' like kids are supposed to - that would have been too tame. Our games were based on the schlocky horror movies that we loved, especially Dracula movies - only we did all the things that the movies left to the imagination. Of course at our tender age, and in this heterosexual society, it never occurred to us that sex, horror-movie style or otherwise, could take place between two females, so we had to take turns being the man. It was usually Dracula with a beautiful female victim, or occasionally a (male) mad scientist with a beautiful female victim. We never even considered having a female monster with a male victim, since we never

saw that in the movies. Patty Kay always seemed equally at ease in both roles, but I only liked being the woman - I guess despite my current butch drag I'd been a femme from an early age.

I was lying spread-eagle on the bed. I can't remember if I was actually tied up or only pretending to be. Patty Kay was leaning over me looking delightfully evil. My heart was going about a mile a minute as she unbuttoned my shirt and slid her hand inside. "You ain't got nothin' there yet!" she teased, with a mischievous laugh. She bent her head down and began sucking one of my nipples while her fingers played with the other. Tremors of delight ran through my body. I wanted to put my arms around her. "Hey, quit that! Your're supposed to be tied up!"

She sat up and slowly slid her hands down my sides, over my hips, pulled my skirt up (yes, I wore one back then) and my panties off, and ran her fingers up and down the insides of my thighs for a minute before finally moving them to my cunt. She began to rub the whole thing with the palm of her hand, lightly at first, and then harder. Then she began using her fingers to explore my cunt more thoroughly, kneading, stroking, gently pinching the lips apart as far as they would go, she leaned down close - and just looked. I felt deliciously exposed, there was something incredibly arousing about the mixture of embarrassment, nervousness, and anticipation produced by lying there, on the spare bed in my grandparents' rec room, of all places, legs and labia spread wide, exposing my cunt to the world. (Well, actually only to Patty Kay and sometimes Alix.) The chance of getting caught only added to our excitement.

Finally, she flung herself down on top of me, almost knocking the wind out of me. Her bluejeans-clad crotch bumped up hard against my naked and still open one. I gasped and writhed in pleasure mixed with a bit of pain. Her mouth returned to my nipples briefly, this time harder, nipping them with her teeth, which delighted me even more, then moved up to my neck for the essential vampire bite. Her teeth fastened on the skin of my neck (on the side, where my hair would cover the mark later) as she moved rhythmically on top of me, the rough cloth of her jeans over her pubic bone rubbing hard against my exposed clit. We didn't know about orgasms then, so we just did it until one or the other of us, usually the one on top, got tired of it. I may not have known what I was missing, but I sure knew that I didn't want her to stop when she did. "Oh please, just a minute longer?"

"No way, I'm tired of being Dracula. It's your turn now."

[REDACTED]

"Patty Kay! Wow, it's been a long time!"

"Sure has! What're y'all doin' now?"

"Well, uh, I'm in university, taking Fine Arts", and I think of lots more that I could say, but don't.

"Well, I'm married now, been married 'bout two years. Had little Billy here last year, an' I got another on the way." She patted her stomach, smiling. The conversation ground to an awkward halt. I couldn't think of anything to say to her. I couldn't take my eyes off the baby. Did that come out of the tight little hairless thing I used to play with? It couldn't have!

We couldn't even bring ourselves to try and put a finger in, how the hell did that baby get through?

[REDACTED]

Patty Kay lay back with a smile of anticipation as I leaned over her awkwardly. I could never figure out exactly where to put my hands and knees to hold myself up without getting them in the way. My hair was too long and kept falling all over everything. I unbuttoned her shirt, pulled it open, and then stopped, transfixed. She had breasts! Real ones! Not very big, I think she had just turned twelve, but there was definitely something happening there that there hadn't been last summer. I had no idea how to approach these strange new things that had intruded themselves upon the body I had once been familiar with. Suddenly I was frightened. The boundary between safe kids' games and real grown-up sex had gotten all fuzzy. Playing Dracula with another little girl was one thing, having sex with a real live woman was another thing altogether, a very scary thing - and I was no longer sure which one I was doing.

Patty Kay became impatient with my hesitation. "Come on!" she snapped angrily, "I sucked your boob, now you-all gotta suck mine!"

Her anger frightened me even more. "I - I can't!" I burst out, and suddenly found myself in tears. I jumped off the bed, grabbed my clothes, and ran into the bathroom, where I locked the door and hurriedly got dressed, fumbling with the buttons between sobs.

A minute passed and we didn't say anything. I felt embarrassed, both at my silence and at the memories that were replaying themselves in my mind. Patty Kay just smiled, as confident as ever. I wondered if she even remembered, or if the memory of what we'd done together would have been too threatening to her newfound married bliss. How ironic that the tough, self-assured tomboy, who played baseball with the boys, talked about getting a motorcycle when she grew up, and had no qualms about doing anything to another girl's body was now a happy housewife, while the shy, awkward girl with long hair and a skirt who got scared off by even the most minimal breast development had turned out to be a dyke.

Suddenly Patty Kay stepped closer and said softly, "Do you remember those games we used to play?" Startled and delighted - and with a bit of that old sense of guilty excitement - I replied, "Yeah! Yeah - I do!"

We smiled at each other for a moment, sharing a secret that nobody there would ever guess. Then she patted my shoulder, said "see ya around", and strolled off to join her husband. I never saw her again.







NEXT: BOBBY'S STORY

BLA
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Donny
in prison
July, 1961

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BLA * "punk" (jail slang) - rage victim B
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BLABBLABBBLABB

ABBT, ARRT, ARRL, AB

A B B L A B D L A D D L A F

Bruce LaBruce

BLA.BBLA.BBLA.BBLA.BBLA

BLA.BBLA

BLA.BBLA

Dear J.D.s;

I definitely enjoyed J.D.s. I wish there had been more writing and stuff, though the pictures were cool.

Tom R.
L.I., N.Y.

3BLA

3BLA

BL A DDT A DDT A

Dear B. La B.;

If you have a big enough envelope you can send Dave-id down to me! Tell Dave-id, the guy on the cover (of J.D.s #2), I think he's extremely cute. Dave-id is more than really cute, he's the most beautiful male I've yet laid my eyes on. He's just total perfection. You can quote me.

Yours, Gary Hemp
N.J.

BBLA

BBLA

BBLA

BLA



BLA.BBLA

BLA.BBLA

BLA.BBLA

Dear Bruce LaBruce:

I liked your fiction and also the cartoon strip was good, the photos aren't horribly interesting to me, but not horribly bad either. One guy looks not unlike this supermarket-checker I have a thing for.

Kr
San Pablo,
California

B A DDT A DDT A D

Hey Kids! Read these! Send one dollar for postage, at least.

"SCUT" P.O. Box 14, Selden, N.Y. 11784-0014

"SOMEONE SAID" P.O. Box 2345, Olympia, Wa. 98507

"AQUA" P.O. Box 1251, Canal St. Station, N.Y., N.Y., 10013

"ANDROZINE" c/o B. Peuportier, BP 192, 75623 Paris cedex 13 France

Although J.D.s isn't way gone on pomes, here's a couple from our readers with something worth blabbing about (opposite page)

B A DDT A DDT A D

